Faſhionable Levities.

OUR growing Levities too clearly ſhew,
That all our troubles from Refinement flow.
Two ages ſince we valu'd plain attire,
Blue-apron'd was the dame, ſtrait-hair'd the 'ſquire
They call'd not houſhold bus'neſs vulgar cares,
Nor deem'd it ungenteel to ſay their pray'rs;
But arts improv'd, new Levities aroſe,
And Ladies chang'd the faſhion of their cloaths;
Hoop'd petticoats in every town were ſeen,
The ſnug rotunda pleas'd the virgin Queen,
And beef for breakfaſt ſerv'd her lady train;
No wonder that her ſailors baffled Spain.
Yet ſtill we've Chiefs with love of glory fir'd,
And ſo had Rome when liberty expir'd.
Beſs was a Man, when danger call'd her pow'rs,
She was a Woman in her private hours;
Few Levities, few luxuries ſhe knew;
No cherries then in February grew:
May-dukes in April on the bough hung green,
And girls wore hanging-ſleeves till full eighteen.
Few mothers teach their daughters grace or ſenſe,
But tell them taſte in dreſs is excellence;
Bid them the Levities of rank aſſume,
And flaunt with ſpreading bow, or nodding plume
Strut in a riding-dreſs, to ſhew their ſhapes,
Or ſtalk in boots, and coats with triple capes,
Affecting eaſe, but impudently free,
The matron leans upon her ciciſbee;
While CARA SPOSA ſnugly keeps his wench,
Defies his duns, and revels in the Bench.

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